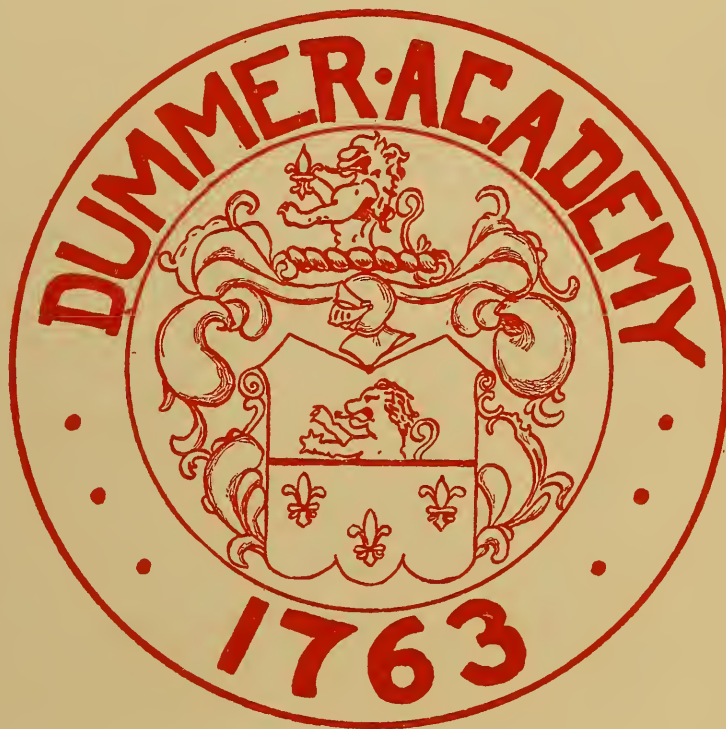


THE



ARCHON

FEBRUARY, 1915

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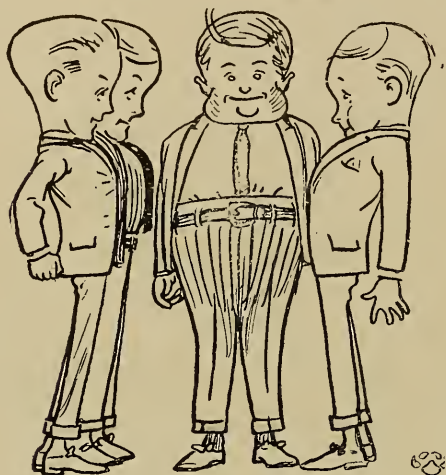
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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 3, New Series

FEBRUARY, 1915.

No. 3



WILLIAM PIOUS, HERO

It was in one of the most exciting games of the year, and one where rivalry was bitter, that my hero makes his appearance.

Bill, the name he was known by to his fellow students of Stafford High, was thought to be yellow by the coach and members of the 'Varsity. He always played a good game in practice, and gave all that was in him for the interests of the team. But when it came to making up a team to represent the school, he was always on the substitute end of the deal. Up to date he had not yet played in a single game, but was always on the sidelines ready for orders to enter. These orders had never as yet been received, and as he watched the games he always wished that he was on the floor upholding the name of dear old Stafford.

It was on a bright and cold Saturday afternoon, and everyone was going to the school gym to see the game of the season, which was always played between Stafford and Yardley High schools. The people of Stafford were there in large numbers, while Yardley had brought with her a large delegation of loyal supporters. There had always been great rivalry between the two towns

in every sport and a great many always turned out to all games between them.

The Stafford team, a bunch of finely cut and muscular lads, lined up as follows: Squires, right forward; Cogswell, left forward; Bump, center; Hurlburt, left guard; and Porter, the remaining position. The other team were a good looking set and a good game was expected. Pious was to be the first substitute to enter the game if anything should happen, and with eager eyes he watched the game, for if one entered he would receive the much coveted prize, a white "S" on a red sweater.

The game, after all sideline marks and rules were arranged, progressed very rapidly. It was not a good exposition of a clean game, for most of the points on both sides were gained from fouls and the referee threatened to stop the game if the roughness did not stop. The Stafford boys, although inclined to be rough, had better team play than the Yardley fellows. The first half ended and the second began, but still Pious remained on the sidelines. This half was cleaner, but although the Yardley fellows scored, a Stafford man was always ready to tie the score.

The second half ended with the score 24-24, and everyone was excited at the thought of an overtime game.

Time was called and the two teams went forth to see who would get the two points, which the referee said would decide the game. As Stafford took her place on the floor she had one change in her lineup, Pious going in at left forward in place of Cogswell, who was hurt. At the sight of this a groan went up from the Stafford delegation and many were predicting defeat. The referee blew his whistle and the game proceeded. Squires, Stafford's captain shot a basket after a foul which counted as one point and then, to the great surprise of all, just as the Stafford center taps the ball, our hero rushes in, grabs it, and shoots a basket from the middle of the floor. A great shout of delight went up from the Stafford people and nothing but praise for William Pious was given. He was taken on the shoulders of his team-mates, around the floor, cheer upon cheer rending the air.

A week later the townspeople had a large banquet, in honor of the victory, and the part played in it by our hero. There was a good deal of speech and merry-making. After a few words had been said by Captain Squires, the toastmaster stood up and called for quiet; he then announced that Stafford had elected her basketball captain for next year and that Pious had been the lucky fellow. At this announcement the audience was at first spellbound, for never before had a substitute been elected, but then to their minds came the thoughts of the week before, and a loud cheer was given. Then Bill arose, thanked his team mates for the honor bestowed upon him, and the banquet ended and everyone proceeded to congratulate William Pious, a hero in the eyes of Stafford's people.

T. R. C.

U. B. B. A. FIELD DAY

The nineteenth of April is always first in the minds of every member of the United Boys' Brigade of America, of which I am a member. Each year on this day a sham battle and drill is held for a flag given by the organization. This drill and sham battle is always held in one of the larger towns. There are between two and three thousand members in this organization, their ages varying between twelve and twenty-eight. The Field Day of which I am telling, was held at Concord, Mass., April 19th, 1912.

We left Norwood at seven thirty, on a special train consisting of four cars. There were nearly two hundred in our brigade,—one major, three captains, six lieutenants and about one hundred and eighty privates. We had a great time laughing, joking and more or less roughhousing. Our crowd was surely feeling joyful and we were all out for a good day of it. On arriving in the South Station, about eight o'clock, we formed ranks and paraded through the station up Federal to Milk street and through Scollay Square to the North Station. This route was very hard on our feet because of the cobble stone paving. We arrived at the North Station at eight-thirty, where we met five other brigades with about one hundred fifty men in each brigade. We left the North Station at nine fifteen. We had four separate trains, with four cars on each train, and each car was full. You can easily imagine what kind of a time a group of a full thousand boys would have when they all got together.

Concord was reached just about ten o'clock. I will not say much about Concord, as one of the greatest members of the Archon Board lives there, and I wouldn't hurt his

feelings for the whole world. But I will say they certainly gave us a good time there. After reaching Concord, we called the roll, formed our ranks and marched to the Main street, where we left our knapsacks and cups and then started for the woods and the large field where the sham battle was to be held. It was some battle. I was in charge of a squad of twenty men, and left by the bank of a river to wait until further orders. This was eleven o'clock and at one we were still looking for the Blue Army. We were then told to join the rest of our brigade and report to the general-in-command for dinner. We marched around a hill and joined our brigade, and after marching through two miles of freshly plowed garden, we found the field where dinner was waiting us. The battle that year was a farce, our company firing about twenty-five shots and having four men captured. But our dinner was great. After this the officers were allowed to go down in the town and I think I saw the whole of Concord in that hour and a half.

After dinner, all companies were formed and ordered to clean up the field, which took about ten minutes. We then paraded through, as I think, nearly every street in Concord, to the statue of the Minute Man, around it, and then back to the center of the town. Near the depot was a large field more or less lumpy, where we had our drill before all the higher officers of the organization. After going through various drills and maneuvers, we marched past the officers and to the depot, where our train was waiting for us. Every one of us was tired, and although we had a good time going home, it was not as lively as the one coming down. At the depot was the entire population of

Concord. Girls, and also the police force.

We had a great time in Concord and I am in hopes that they will give us one as good this year. When we arrived in Boston we did not parade through the street, but had special trains on the elevated. We formed ranks at the foot of the elevated stairs and marched through the depot to our train, which was waiting for us. We left Boston at seven o'clock and arrived in Norwood at twenty-five minutes of eight. We formed ranks, parading through the main street to our club house, landing there at exactly eight o'clock. We all had a very delightful day, were entertained in the best manner, and were all thoroughly tired out and ready for bed, as we had done a great deal of marching.

A. M. B. '17.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ICE-WAGON

Jack Norris, a rugged, sunburned youth of perhaps fifteen years, could always be seen around the wharf, at the small town of Westport. Sometimes he would fish, and then, when opportunity presented, he would do odd jobs around the water.

On this particular day he was fishing. He hung lazily on to his pole and watched the ice-men stocking a tugboat with ice. The ice-wagon was backed up not far from the edge of the wharf. The men were carting the ice on trucks to the other end of the wharf to the tug boat.

A coal barge, near the wagon, was being unloaded, and Jack watched the huge bucket as it was pulled out of the hold of the barge and swung across to the tall coal pocket.

He marveled at the ease with which the bucket seemed to be operated, and the power that was in

that tiny hoisting engine. As he watched the bucket swing through the air he saw a large piece of coal roll to the edge and fall.

Jack dropped his fish-pole and started. The piece of coal had landed just in front of the two horses and had startled them so that they began to back toward the edge of the wharf, which they of course could not see. Jack ran with all his strength, yelling at the animals to stop. Just then the hoisting engine began to let off steam, and the terror-stricken animals, backing violently, were pulled over the edge of the wharf by the heavy wagon.

Almost as soon as the horses struck the water Jack was at the scene of the accident. He ripped off his coat and shoes, and taking his jack-knife between his teeth, with the blade open, he dove down amongst the struggling horses. The wagon had turned over in such a way that one horse could keep his nose out of water, while the other could not.

As soon as Jack came to the surface he swam to the side of the horse whose nose was under water, dove again, and finding the trace, cut at it with all his strength. It parted. But he must lose no time. Quickly and skilfully he reached the other side and began to cut the other trace. But he was not in as good a position as before. Once, twice three times, he sawed at that tough trace, before it gave way. Now his heart was pounding within him. It seemed as though he must rise for fresh air. But he thought of the poor beast whom he was trying to save. Drawing all his powers together, he swam to the end of the wagon-pole to cut the hold-backs. His lungs were almost splitting and his head ached violently. He cut away manfully at the tough leather straps, letting out tiny bubbles of

air that he could hold in no longer. Now it seemed as if he must give up, for he was growing faint, and his strength was giving out. He made one last effort, and cut furiously at the strap. It broke. Jack bobbed up to the surface, taking a big swallow of water. Then strong hands pulled him up and he knew no more.

The three men on the barge, hearing the crash of the wagon, as it fell into the water, hurried out of the hold, where they were shoveling coal, and rushed to the spot. The engineer went for a rope and the other two dove off the dock. As they came to the surface, Jack was also coming up. One of the men swam to his aid and the other dove down and cut away the straps that held the other horse. The one that Jack had saved was swimming slowly toward the end of the dock, where it could get ashore.

The rope that the engineer had brought was fastened around Jack and he was raised to the dock.

The engineer worked over him for some time. Finally Jack began to gasp and show signs of life.

In a couple of hours Jack felt well enough to go home, where he was put to bed.

The next morning a letter was awaiting him. He tore it open eagerly and out came two crisp ten-dollar bills. There was also a note from the owner of the ice-wagon.

"Just a little reminder of my indebtedness to you for risking your life to save my best pair of horses. Call at the house, please. I have a proposal to make to you."

C. R. S. '16.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR—

That we don't have to run over our cross-country course more than once a day.

That there aren't more than six school days a week.

That Spelling doesn't have to be made up every afternoon.

That the "Archon" isn't published once a week.

That all our fathers aren't brokers during this war crisis.

That all the beds weren't made for Chen's size.

That the rising bell doesn't ring before 6.45 A. M.

That hunting licenses don't cost all of us ten dollars.

That every rough-house doesn't cost us five demerits.

That our league basketball games aren't three hours long.

That the girls don't bother all of us the way they do a few.

That we don't have to learn rhetorical every week.

That Towne doesn't have to wait on all of us at the same time.

That Cicero wrote only four orations against Catiline.

That all of us can't carry steam from one radiator to another in an ordinary pail.

That we don't have to sit in the cold in front of an open window and listen for the no-school bell.

ADVICE TO THE SENTIMENTAL

(*Editor's Note*—Please send in your questions as soon as possible, in order that you may receive a prompt reply.)

Sentimental Editor:

I hear from about 'steen number of female friends a day and am at a loss to keep track to whom I owe letters. Could you suggest some method?

H-d-n.

To H-d-n:

I would suggest that you go to a business college and take up short-hand and bookkeeping, but perhaps if you related your woes to a sales-

man of a filing-case company, undoubtedly your trouble could be solved.

Dear Editor:

I have seen your column and am writing for your advice. I am considered a confirmed bachelor, but I have lately fallen in love with a certain young lady. I see her every Thursday night and often return to town with her. I have lately discovered that some one else is trying for her attentions, which rightfully belong to me. As I love her dearly, I cannot bear to have her love another. Please send me your advice as soon as possible, for every moment counts.

I. M. A. Master.

I. M. A. Master:

It is true every minute counts, as the chance for marriage at a bachelor's age is only about 8 in 100. Why not marry her now and get the trouble off your mind? If she accepts the attentions of other men, speak to her about it, but if she doesn't seem to stop, try stronger measures,—such as being with her as much as possible.

Sentimental Editor:

I have tried every means but have failed, and am writing to you, as your advice, I'm sure, has helped others. I am a good looking fellow (at least that's what all the girls say), and of light complexion. I love dearly three girls, who, I believe, love me in the same ardent way. I wish to know if they are all as true as they profess to be and how to decide which one to make my wife. Please let me know as soon as possible, as I am unable to work because of thinking of them.

Formerly Chicago.

Formerly Chicago:

You seem to be sure about your friends loving you, so why don't you have a grand meeting, and have your

three friends meet each other and at the same time decide who shall be the lucky one? Be sure and make it a surprise party to all, as the results will be better. Ask them to tell their love for you at this banquet. In this way you should be able to find the sincere one.

Editor:

I have only met a girl once and that was on the street. I am naturally bashful, which hinders any advance on my part. She has written me several times, but I don't know just what to write back. As this is my first love affair, I am rather at a loss to know what to do, so am writing to you, hoping that you may suggest some more rapid way of winning her.

Winchester.

Winchester:

Bashfulness is very seldom a young man's trait, but you will soon out-grow that. It takes practice to write a clever letter and perhaps some of your experienced friends can dictate a couple to you. Don't be afraid to tell her that you love her—and don't forget that you have only one life you can lose for her.

FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

[As an encouragement to effort in the art of composition among the small boys of the Junior School, the Editorial Board has offered to print a limited number of their productions in THE ARCHON from time to time. Severely of these appear below. We welcome these new contributors, and hope they may stimulate some of the boys of the Upper School to more serious literary effort.—*Editors.*]

AN EXPERIENCE.

Late one summer afternoon, I was walking up a beautiful hill. The

sky was getting redder and redder. The trees stood out in the glow. Everything was silent, and the sun shone between two hills. There were three cows standing in a little pool, while the others were lying down. It was a beautiful scene.

Presently I lay down and looked up at the sun. I heard a voice say, "Come to me." I started to walk towards the sun. All at once I came to a huge hole. The voice said, coming from the hole, "Enter," and so I did. Everything was dark here, save a little light which came towards me. Finally it stopped and vanished. I knew not where it went. Soon I came to where the light was. There I saw a pair of stairs and the voice said "Come up," so up I went.

I came out into the light at the foot of the sun. There I saw twelve bags of gold. The voice said "Take me home." I started off with the gold. I thought I would open the largest, and did so.

What do you suppose was in it? A little ugly man, who kept growing larger and larger. He had a big club and was going to hit me, when I woke up. The sun had set, and it was night now, so I ran home a very frightened little boy, thinking that a bogie man would jump out at me.

GEORGE PRIEST.

IN MONTREAL

My mother, a friend of hers, and I went to Montreal three years ago. It was winter. When we first got there we went to Hotel Windsor. The next morning we rode up Mount Royal. Coming down, the horse came near falling. The same afternoon we went out walking. Then we came back to the hotel and had dinner. After dinner we went to the theatre, where we saw "The Blue Bird." We did not see all of it.

The next morning we went to the church of St. Anne de Beau Pre. We saw the holy stairs. Outside there was a statue of St. Anne. She had a diamond ring on her finger.

There were very many crutches and canes which had been left by crippled people. They were so thankful to be cured they left their canes as a proof that St. Anne had cured them.

ALLAN BURKE.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

One day my playmate, John, and I took lunch and started a long walk through the woods. We came to a large brook. We placed a board across it and walked over to the other side.

Both of us liked birds very much. We saw all kinds of birds' nests with eggs in them.

I soon came to a hill on the other side of the brook. On the hill was a deer. The deer soon saw us and ran away.

It was getting late in the afternoon, so we thought we would eat our lunch. It was soon getting dark, so we started for home. It was a summer day and was very hot so we were glad to get home.

FOSTER H. GALE.

THE CHICAGO STOCKYARD

When I was in Chicago, father, mother, and I went to the stockyard.

The stockyards occupy a large area, and consist of stalls for cattle. Just as we entered, we saw a train of about forty-five or fifty cars coming in filled with cattle.

When we were in, we saw some men counting sheep. There were two stalls connected by a run just large enough for one sheep to go through at a time. In this way,

thousands of sheep may be counted.

In other stalls were large numbers of cows and horses. The stalls were very clean and white-washed, so the animals would not get sick and die. The day we were there, a great many cattle were received. The cattle are killed here. The animals are useful in providing us with meat, and their hides in giving us leather for shoes.

LINUS C. WHITMAN.

A TRIP TO BURNT ISLAND

Ten people went on the boating trip, and I went with them. We passed an island where there was a big nest with a bird in it. Later we met the Camp Durell boat. Pretty soon we came to Burnt Island.

I got on shore first. There we were met by a lot of life savers. We went up on the hill and out on the rocks, where we had our picnic. I went down by the sea and got little trays, as we called them. They really were shells.

Later I went up to the observatory and it was very high. The stairs were wiggly. After looking far out to sea, I came down and went home.

We were all tired but happy after our picnic on Burnt Island.

TRAVIS INGHAM.

THE WONDER COLUMN

I wonder who is going to win out at Ipswich. How about it, Bartlett, Skeeel and Towne?

I wonder who chaperoned the master on that toboganing party.

I wonder why Ferguson was so anxious to stay over on the 22nd.

I wonder if Maccabe is going to be a railroad man.

I wonder what kind of dope Holden takes to make him so wide-awake in class.

I wonder if Mr. Farrell is going to be dancing teacher next year.



The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of
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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

The "ARCHON" is the best valentine you could send to your friends.

Mid year examinations have come and gone. Perhaps they have left a bad taste in our memory, but let us start preparing all the harder for better results of our final examinations, even though June appears in the distance now.

Now, dear readers, whenever you are considering spending your money, turn your thoughts to "The Archon" and patronize our advertisers. They are the people who back us financially, which in turn allows us to publish this paper. *Please give them your trade!* Help the editors! This is your paper—make it in fact as well as in name by handing in notes, stories, and material for our various columns. Be as anxious in having your stories in "The Archon" as you are to receive the paper when it comes from the press.

It was stated in our last issue that Haverhill would not be represented by a basketball team, but since then, she has decided to support a team, and we are pleased to have her on our schedule again this year.

Get together, fellows, and have some organized cheering at the basketball games. If you can't help the team in body, be with them in mind. A good cheer now and then helps wonderfully. Don't feel downhearted if your team doesn't win every game. Somebody has got to lose, and it is much better to be a loser taking the defeats in the right spirit than an over-confident winner.



ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL

Soon after the Christmas holidays, basketball was taken up again by Coach Ramsden. He has plenty of material to work with, but it is mostly made up of new men, which means at least three weeks of good hard practice in order to break them in to the fine points of the game. From our last year's team we have only Young and Rowe. We lost three of our star players who graduated last June, namely, Captain Ye-sair, Poto, and De Rosay.

The following men are out and working hard to turn out a winning basketball team: Young, Rowe, Senior, Burns, Havlin, Drake, Skeele, Downing and Williams. More spirit has been shown this year in basket ball than in any previous year.

Manager Young has announced the following schedule:

January 23, Portsmouth H. S. at Dummer.

January 27, St. John's Prep. at Dummer.

January 30, Thayer Academy at Braintree.

February 13, Gloucester H. S. at Dummer.

February 17, St. John's Prep. at Danvers.

February 19, Gloucester H. S. at Gloucester.

February 24, Haverhill H. S. at Haverhill.

February 27, Thayer Academy at Dummer.

The Dummer team lost the first game of the season to Portsmouth H. S. at Dummer. The Academy boys were handicapped by the new material on the team and it will take a little time before they are

whipped into shape. The Portsmouth boys showed clever passing, and by excellent floor-work they were able to beat the home team. "Cy" Young played his usual good game, by making four baskets.

Portsmouth H. S. Dummer Acad. Hassett, rf.,....lb., Senior, Havlin Thomas, lf.,....rb, Burns, Downing Massar, c.,.....c., Rowe, Drake Sweet, rb.,....lf., Young, Williams Rosa, lb.,.....rf., Williams, Small

Goals from floor—Rosa, 8; Thomas, 6; Hassett 6; Sweet 1; Young 4; Senior, 1. Referee, Mr. Farrell. Timers, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Sleeper. Attendance, 175.

Dummer 18: St. John's 42

At Dummer, January 27, Dummer went down to defeat at the hands of the St. John's boys. The home team started off with a rush, running up a score of twelve points to St. John's two, but in the second half the Danvers boys played all around us and ran up a score of forty-two points. Smith was St. John's star player, making eleven baskets. Young and Rowe of Dummer shot all the baskets for their side.

St. John's Prep. Dummer Acad. Long, Moore, lb.,.....rf, Williams Scully, Shea, rb.,.....lf Young Welsh, McClellan, c.,c, Rowe, Drake Welsh, Malhovey, rf.,....rb, Burns Smith, lf.,....lb, Downing, Senior, Havlin

Goals from floor—Smith, 11; Welsh, 5; Malhovey, 5; Young, 3; Rowe, 1. Goals from foul line—Smith, 2; Young, 6. Referee, Mr. Farrell. Timers, Small and Fitzgerald. Time, two 20-min. halves. Attendance, 125.

Dummer 10; THAYER 38

At Braintree, Mass., January 30, Dummer lost its third game to Thayer Academy. The South Byfield boys were very much handicapped, owing to the size of the gymnasium. The place was so small that the foul line was in the middle of the floor and one of the baskets was under a balcony. The Dummer boys, not being used to the floor, were unable to check the Thayer five. It was a very clean and interesting game to watch. After the game the Thayer Academy girls invited the Dummer boys into their gym, where they served hot chocolate and cake, which we ate with much joy. Our visit there was enjoyed immensely, and we are looking forward to the return game. The trip to Braintree was also a pleasant one.

Thayer Acad. Dummer Acad.
Greeley, lf,.....rg, Burns, Small
Harrison, rf,.....lg, Senior
Leonard, c.....c, Rowe
Cole, lg.....rf, Drake
Holmes, rg,.....lf, Young, Havlin

Goals from floor—Greeley 2; Harrison 2; Leonard 6; Cole, 2; Holmes 7; Burns 2; Senior and Rowe 1. Goals on three tries, Rowe 2. Referee, Cate. Timer, Reed.

ATHLETIC NOTES

George Chandler played halfback on the freshman foot ball team at Worcester Polytechnic and played in all of the games. He also made the freshman hockey team.

Drake is out of basketball and will be out for some time on account of his weak ankle.

David Caldwell, the holder of the Intercollegiate half-mile record graduated from Cornell college last June and is now running for the

B. A. A. In every race he entered this year he has come out a winner. He is invincible on the track.

Clayton Spencer, one of Dummer's best track men has just recovered from a sprained ankle and we shall all be glad to see him in action once again.

Owing to the loss of two of the trackmen who have made the basketball team, Dummer will not be able to send a relay team to the Huntington meet on the 27th. For the last three years the Academy has been represented by a team of seven men. This year Coach Goodwin will take but one man, Captain Kramer, who will start in the 600-yard race both at the Huntington Y. M. C. A. and the Mechanics Building. Kramer is in the best of form and at his time trials he showed up remarkably well. Last year in the Huntington meet Kramer ran in the 300 yard and led the race until the second time around when he fell, and six men passed him. He tried to overcome the lead but succeeded only in pulling up to fourth place.

Dummer Academy A. A. in account with Fred H. Goodwin, treasurer.

Dr.	
To gate receipts, football, ..	\$16.90
To cash, track,	12.00
To cash, basketball,	6.00
To A. A. money,	19.50
To checks from Dr. Ingham, ..	53.26
	<hr/>
	\$107.66
Cr.	
By expense, Foot Ball,	\$39.48
By expense, track,	10.20
By expense, basketball,	28.50
By expense, baseball,75
By expense, tennis,	17.00
By expense, miscellaneous, .	3.85
By balance,	8.08
	<hr/>
	\$107.66



During the past few months, several exchanges have commented on the fact that the ARCHON did not have an Exchange Department. The truth of the matter is that the Exchange Column was crowded out by matter which was of more vital importance to the paper.

It seems to us a great deal of valuable space is wasted every month by running a list of the papers received. It would be all right to do it if you have no more than fifteen or twenty papers on your list, but when you receive from fifty to a hundred papers each month, as we do, it would be better to use your Exchange space wholly for comments on a discussion of school papers and their management. The fact that you receive our paper regularly is an indication that we have received yours.

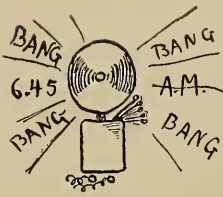
In a recent number of "The Hill-top", Jersey City, in their exchange column, they suggested that about every exchange which was received at their school should have more cuts and cartoons. In our opinion cuts do not, unless they are very good, add to the appearance of a paper, so that a paper which does not have cuts, or many of them, is just keeping on the safe side of the fence.

We would like to say a word on the arrangement of some of the ex-

changes received. There are two accepted arrangements for a school paper,—editorials first and editorials in the middle of the paper. But it is noticed that some papers have a tendency to mix their locals or jokes with the advertising. Of course this is very good for the advertisers and to be sure, some of the better monthly magazines are doing it, but why can't we keep out of our papers at least part of the commercial air of the business world?

A very frequent criticism, seen in the exchange columns is that a paper does not have a table of contents. It seems a waste of space to devote a whole page to a table of contents since each month, a paper usually follows its own style arrangement with each department under a separate heading. Any one who reads the paper could, without very much trouble, take the time to find any special part he wanted.

"The Red and Black," Reading, Pa., has a very good method of dealing with the exchange department. They mention all the exchanges, (no criticism against it, if you can afford to use the space) and then take several papers and comment at length upon them. One thing which would add to the appearance of the paper is the separation of the advertising and reading matter.



• HOME LIFE •

THE ENTERTAINMENT COURSE.

We have now had two of the four entertainments which come under the course. Both of them were capital, and drew a number of people from the surrounding towns. As yet, however, they have not averaged up to the first two entertainments last year. The last two this year will undoubtedly bring the average up higher than that of 1914. The course is arranged in the form of a grammatical comparison, namely: good, the motion pictures and Judge White; better, the Minstrel Show; and best, the card tricks, impersonations and illusions.

Although the last performance will probably be the best from a professional standpoint, it is impossible to find anything that makes a bigger hit with a local audience than a minstrel show, given by a group of boys and men from a well known institution. So it goes without saying that the show on the 18th will be the big drawing card of the course. The call for candidates has been made and rehearsals are held every day. It is still very early to make any accurate deductions, but from the way everybody is going at the work it certainly seems as if the minstrels would take care of their end of the job all right.

On the 8th of January the first regular moving picture show that

ever came to Dummer, was the chief feature of the first entertainment. There were five reels of film, covering in their scope nearly every possible field of motion picture. In addition there were several good musical selections by Mr. Thomas and Walter Flanders.

Next, on the 29th of January, Judge White read from Kipling. He is an excellent reader and we all enjoyed his selections immensely. Among the things he read were the story of the building of Barnabas' Church from "Puck of Pook's Hill" and King Robert of Sicily, which he gave as a nightcap.

The following evening was marked by the biggest dance held here this year. Although a number of the fellows were away with the basketball team at Thayer Academy, there were plenty of couples. Several of the alumni were here, namely, Bushnell, Cutter, and Coleman. To the last named we are indebted for the unusual taste with which the hall was decorated, for "Deac" got here the evening before the dance and helped the committee mightily in their work. The music was furnished by a three-piece orchestra, enthroned on the platform from which Judge White had read to us the night before. For the first time since last year the strings of lights were used and shaded by Chinese

lanterns. The consensus of opinion was that it was the best dance this year. The committee were Truman, R. Towne, and John Skeele.

Quite a while ago Mrs. Ingham started having tea served Sunday afternoons. Since then these little functions have become the main support of our Sunday afternoons, and we look forward to them eagerly.

At the Sunday evening service of January 14, Dr. Ingham gave us a very interesting talk on Yale spirit. He gave accounts of members of his class who had worked their way through college, and had succeeded in their professions against great odds.

On Sunday evening, January 30, Mr. Redington Fiske, who has charge of the Belgian Relief Ships which have been sent from Boston by New England people, gave us a most interesting talk about the work his committee is doing to help these sufferers of the great war in Europe.

Miss Phillips has taken the place of housekeeper, made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Penney, who had been here a year.

DUMMER NEWS

Plans and specifications will be placed in the hands of the contractors about the first of February for rebuilding the farmhouse, destroyed by fire last winter. The new building as arranged, will provide space for twelve boys and a master, and in an ell, living quarters for a farmer, consisting of a four-room apartment. The old foundations will be used, but the new building will be larger than the old farmhouse. It will be of wood, and built in general lines which will harmonize with those of the old building and first schoolhouse, built 150 years ago, which stands beside it.

Very soon an illustrated article on the school and its plans will be printed in the Sunday Herald.

There was to be a dinner of the Sons of Dummer, former students and masters, at the Harvard Club, Boston on or about February 19, but owing to the absence of the President of the Board of Trustees it has been postponed until April. It is hoped to have as guest of honor, Hon. Joseph Lee, chairman of the Boston School Board and donor of the Noyes Fund.

The campaign for the completion of the \$150,000 endowment fund is being vigorously pushed.

Recently the school has received three notable gifts:

Mrs. Percy Chase of Topsfield presented a large and valuable telescope, the property of her late husband, for the use of the school. This is a very valuable and useful addition to the scientific equipment of the school. The Dummer Allies of Newburyport have just added \$400 to the principal of the Scholarship Fund. The fund now amounts to something over \$1,800, and it is hoped to complete it before the close of the present school year.

Hon. Joseph Lee, of the Boston School Board, has given to the trustees, a fund amounting to more than \$16,000, as a permanent memorial of Edward Parish Noyes, a life long friend and for many years a trustee of the school. This is the largest single gift the school has received since its foundation.

Mr. F. M. Ambrose, President of the Board of Trustees, gives \$1,250, and another friend of the school \$1,000 toward the restoration of the farmhouse. These gifts are an indication of the way Dummer is rising in the public estimation, and similar announcements may be expected in later numbers of the ARCHON.

It is time that the alumni were heard from definitely in this way. It is not fitting that Dummer's chief benefactors should be those who have never enjoyed the privileges of the school. T. R. T.



Williams: "Can I speak to Yu a minute?"

Mr. Degen: "Well, I can't very well talk to five persons at once."

Pearson (in Solid Geometry): "After any one sees through that problem, he can use a blackboard for a window."

"Cy's" folks, reading his report card: "Marston, what does this D mean?"

"Cy": "Oh, I got that for playing basketball."

Mr. Ramsden (in physics): "What is specific gravity?"

Small: "Some exact figures on which a thing will balance."

Mr. Lacroix: "Now, don't resort to Town(e)ism."

Skeele: "What's that?"

Mr. L—: "Oh, saying 'etc.' and 'by the preceding proposition'."

Meow-meow—horse liniment.

Small (in French class): "I know what it is, but I don't know it."

Holden got a letter from woman No. 7 today.

Have you served your time yet? No, you evidently misunderstand us, as we mean for being late to breakfast.

Mr. Lacroix (explaining a prop.): "Now, is this plain?"

Havlin: "I should think it would be more solid than plane geometry."

IS IT WORTH THE PRICE.

Brick: "Do you know a fellow with a wooden leg has a big advantage over us?"

Mr. L—: "Is that so?"

Brick: "Yes, he can pin up his socks with thumb tacks."

Mr. Farrell: "That's wrong, Small."

Small (absent mindedly): "I got two right, didn't I, Mr. Lacroix?"

Cummings must have been consulting Ferguson, as he also believes consul is in the feminine gender.

RATHER MIXED.

Mr. R—: "What do 10 millimeters equal, Hale?"

Hale: "One centimeter."

Mr. R—: "Flanders, what do 10 centimeters equal?"

Flanders: "One millimeter."

Small (translating French): "Supposing she and I were going up the street."

Holden: "Going up Pleasant Street."

Maccabe: "No, going up some side street."

Mr. D— (in Eng. IV): "Holden, what was the character of Scott's poetry?"

Holden (after talking on the question about five minutes): "By the way, Mr. Degen, what do you mean by character?"

We wish to congratulate Goodwin for winning the prizes which Mr. Degen awarded him after an English examination, namely, a goose egg and an English walnut.

Mr. Lacroix: "If we could develop this explanation as in—"

Tapley: "Photography."

Saunders: "Can I speak to you, Mr. Degen?"

Mr. Degen: "No, not if it's any fool question."

(Saunders immediately sits down, so we can draw our own conclusions.)

Since the last issue of THE ARCHON many young ladies have written saying, "Who is Itchy?" Owing to the high cost of loving we are unable to print his picture.

Tapley (in solid): "I don't see how you revolve this line and bang it into that other one."

Mac: "Say, Itchy, let me borrow your face along with that black eye, so I can fight a bulldog."

TOO MUCH MONEY.

Tapley: "Why, that's my week's allowance for two weeks."

Itchy says that the pedometers are pretty accurate, as they come within a mile or two.

Fred Goodwin (entering the office): "Isn't Mr. Farrell going to be here tonight? I'm tired of having to run this place."

(After it has "run" down Fred, let it coast a while.)

Wanted—Competent head waiter, quick to catch young ladies as they enter the dining room, and escort them to the proper seats. Apply to either Havlin or Young.

The examiner sometimes gets fussed as much as the examined.

Mr. R—: "It's time you knew how those words meant when you look at them."

Mr. Farrell: "What do you want a lamp for tonight?"

Small: "I've got one black eye and can't see out of the other, so I need a lamp to see by."

Ben thinks we need a two-sided blackboard when we take up spheres in Solid Geometry.

Mr. D—: "Maccabe, write 50 lines of Latin this afternoon!"

Maccabe: "Thank you, sir."

Mr. D—: "I mean 100 lines."

Brick (late to supper): "I couldn't help being late tonight."

Flanders: "Watching a turtle race, I suppose."

In the mid-year American History, Coulter said the Jacobites were the followers of Jacob, while Kramer believes Porto Rico is southeast of Florida in the Philippine Islands.

Towne (in Solid Geom.): "A sector is a scupped out place."

Williams says a kiss is nothing but a feminine effect of nature upon the masculine sex."

Even if school is not in session at Christmas, the Christmas Spirit makes its appearance before the holidays begin. In accordance with this spirit, we had on the 16th, an informal prelude to the separate Christmases, in which we partook in our several states a week later.

On that evening we all assembled in the Common room, where a prettily decorated Christmas tree stood. Ben Pearson was dressed up as Santa Claus and gave out the presents to all of the assembly. These presents were in the form of jokes on the various fellows, and caused a great deal of merriment. After that was over we adjourned to the gymnasium and had a small impromptu dance.



Mr. Fred M. Ambrose recently visited the school and expects to spend the next month at Pine Hurst and other resorts.

Mr. Joseph N. Dummer recently lectured before the Historical Society of old Newbury on a trip up the Parker River. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides, showing, among other things, the Academy as it is today. The lecture was very well received, and is to be repeated in Rowley and elsewhere.

Mr. John Hamilton Morse, president of the Sons of Dummer, is working on the arrangements for a dinner to be given by the "Sons" in Boston some time in April. From present indications the dinner promises to be a record breaker in numbers and interest. It is hoped to have present as a guest the Hon. Joseph Lee of the Boston School Board, the donor of the Noyes Memorial Fund.

Mr. George H. Croston, '07, has given up his position in Chicago and has gone into the shoe business in Haverhill, Mass. He may be addressed at 83 Emerson St.

Mr. A. B. Calef, '10, was married December 26th, to Miss Helen Dickinson, daughter of Mrs. Jeanette M. Dickinson of Middle Haddam, Ct. Mr. and Mrs. Calef reside at 512 West 152nd St., New York City. Mr. Calef is in the employ of the American Woolen Co.

Mr. J. Robert Whitlock, '10, has given up the automobile supply business, and is now at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

His address is 373 Hopkinson Dormitory, West Philadelphia.

Mr. William T. Bodin is still in the employ of the Sorosis Shoe Co. in Hartford and reports that he is getting on in business. He may be addressed at 143 Washington St., Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Perry B. Miller, '13, is in the hardware business in Duluth. His address is 3427 Lake Avenue, South Duluth.

Information has but recently reached us of the death of Mr. John Hill Cowles, though it occurred several years ago. Mr. Cowles graduated from Dummer in the class of '90, and entered Tech the following fall. He stayed there but one year, owing to ill health, and spent the next fifteen years in travel, making two trips around the world. In 1907, he married Miss Carolyn Weldon, of Rochester, N. Y. The last two years of his life were spent in Porto Rico. He died at Gloversville, N. Y., June 9, 1910.

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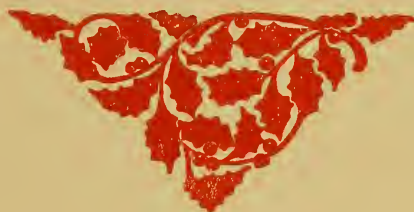
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